Adventures with the incredible Dr. Who—Inside!

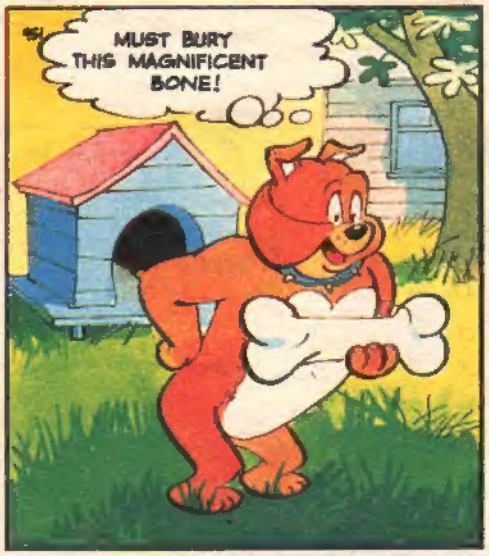
TV COMIC

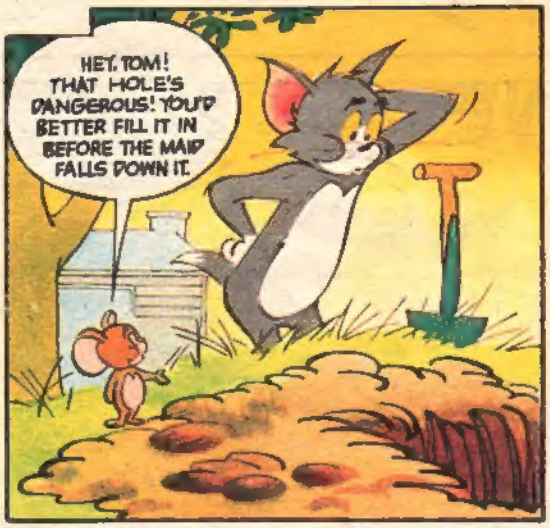
8d

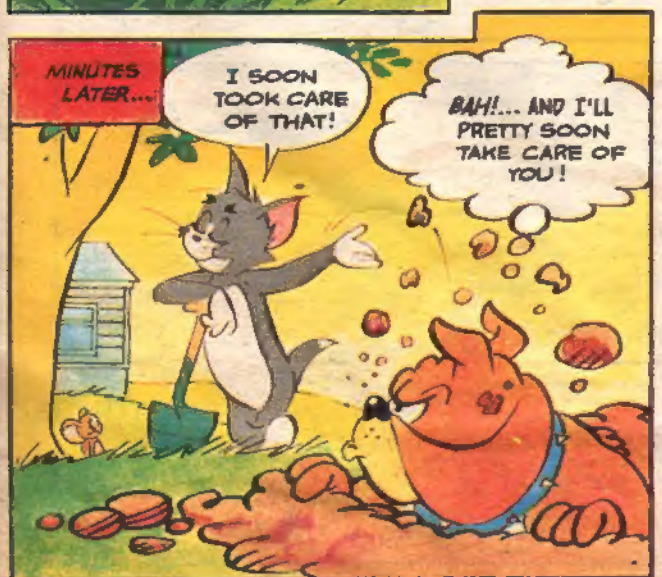
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

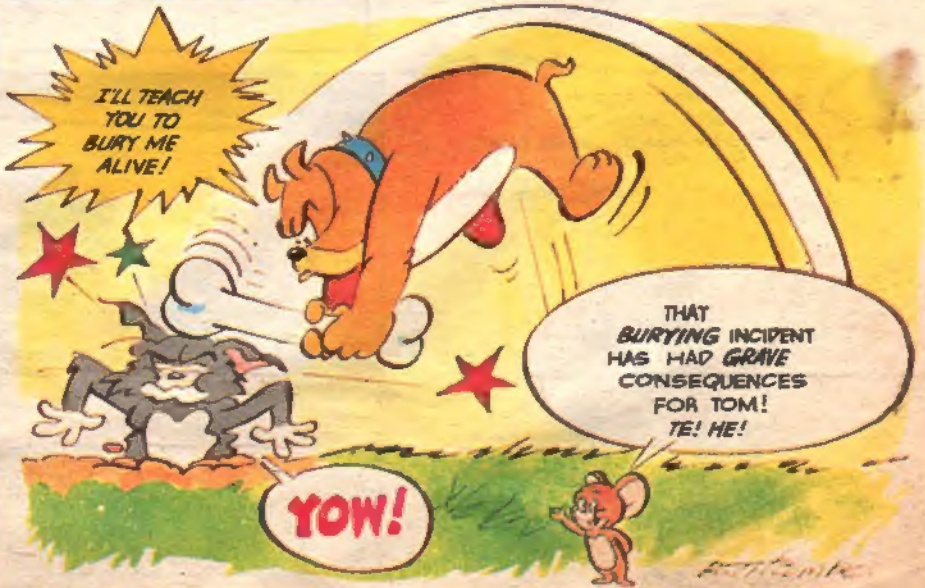
Every Monday | Week Ending 7th March, 1970 | Number 951

TOM and JERRY









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More mouseterics on page 2.

PESKY PUSSY!
GROAN!
951
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, RODENT!
NOW TO TRY AGAIN!
C'MERE!
AAAARGH!
TREMBLE
WHAT'S WITH YOU TODAY, CAT? GRRRR!
PREPARE T' BE MANGLED, MOGGIE!
EEEK!
YEYIKE!
THIS MUST BE THE LAST STRAW!
THAT PESKY DOG'S BEEN DIGGIN' HOLES AGAIN... AND THAT MAKES ME MAD!
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH EVERYBODY ELSE TODAY! HE! HE!

Tom 'draws' a load of laughs next week with a magnet!

TV Terrors

A LITTLE LATER....
HEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR TOMORROW WHEN HOPPIT BRINGS GNASHER FOR HIS WALK!
DANGER
PARK POOL UNDER CONSTRUCTION DO NOT GO BEYOND THIS POINT

NEXT DAY.....
NOW'S OUR CHANCE! HOPPIT AND GNASHER ARE COMING THIS WAY!
PARK POOL UNDER CONSTRUCTION DO NOT GO BEYOND THIS POINT
QUICK! HIDE THE SIGN!

MINUTES LATER.....
SO YOU THINK DACHSHUNDS ARE FUNNY, HOPPIT?... WELL, THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING FUNNIER THAN A SAUSAGE BULLDOG! HA! HA! HA!
EMBARRASSED!

Boot versus brain again next week!

THE AVENGERS

MOTHER orders John Steed and Tara King to act as bodyguards to Admiral Horatio Broadside, as he fears an attempt will be made on the Admiral's life. They drive down to the Admiral's house only to find he is out walking on the sands. While they wait for him, Tara spots something through a telescope.

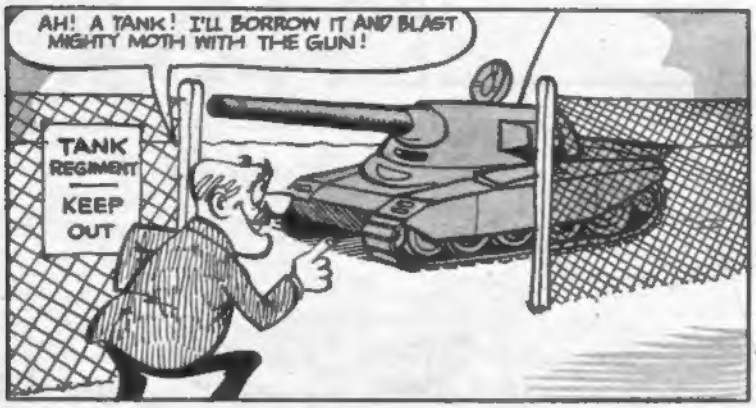
HUH! YOU MUST BE THE CONFOUNDED SECRET SERVICE WALLAHS SENT TO PROTECT ME- WELL, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY, I'M OFF TO SEA IN MY YACHT THIS WEEKEND!
THEN WE'LL COME WITH YOU FOR THE RIDE, SIR!

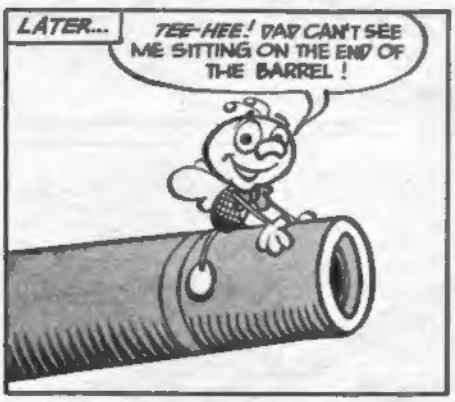
A MILE OFF SHORE...
U71
BACON-HEADED BUNGLERS- YOU'VE FAILED AGAIN!
HAVE A 'EART, GUV- SOMEONE TRIED TO CLOBBER US WITH A PERISHIN' CANNON!

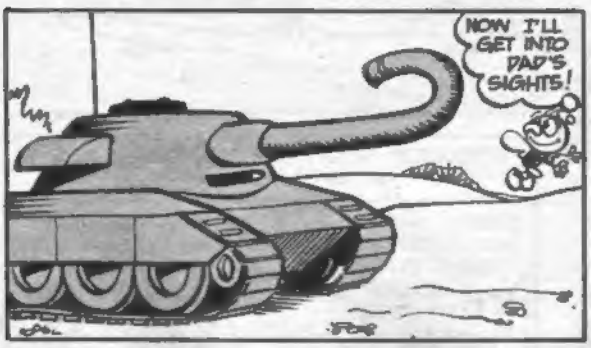
Based on the Thames Television production

Join the treasure hunt next week!

MIGHTY MOTH







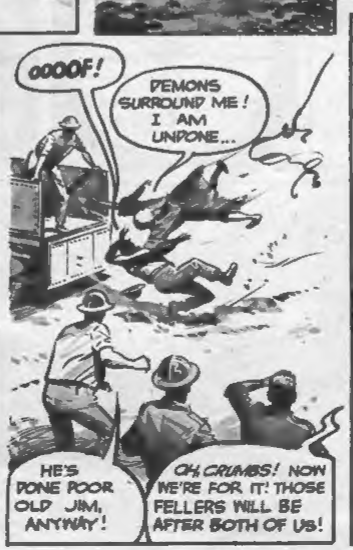
Next week more mighty mirth with Mighty Moth!

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE the Wizard thinks he is flying at last. In fact he has been hooked up from the quarry by a crane worked by Carrot. Carrot has hooked the crane on to Catweazle's parachute harness to save him from the blast from a ring of dynamite sticks.

CARROT SEES THE DANGER OF THE FLAMING 'CHUTE...
I MUST JERK THAT PARACHUTE OFF HIM OR IT WILL BURN THROUGH HIS HARNESS. WHICH LEVER... WHICH LEVER...?

BUT NOW THE QUARRYMEN HAVE ARRIVED TO START WORK...
LOOK AT THAT, MATES... THERE'S A FELLER ON THE HOOK!
THERE'S A GUY WORKING MY CRANE!


oooOF!
DEMONS SURROUND ME! I AM UNDONE...
HE'S DONE POOR OLD JIM, ANYWAY!
OH, CRUMBS! NOW WE'RE FOR IT! THOSE FELLERS WILL BE AFTER BOTH OF US!

CATWEAZLE TRIES HOPELESSLY TO FLY AS HE IS SEIZED...
WHAT'S THE GAME, MATE? YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAININ' TO DO!
SALMAY! DALMAY! ADONAY!
HE'S A BLINKIN' FOREIGNER.
LET'S GET THE OTHER FELLER... MAYBE HE'LL TALK SENSE!

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Continue the adventures of Catweazle next week!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

THE HORSE FROM OUR MOUNTED DIVISION HAS A STONE IN ITS HOOF, BLACKSMITH! CAN YOU REMOVE IT?
OF COURSE!
BLACKSMITH
MY MASSIVE PLIERS WILL SOON HAVE IT OUT!
OH, NO! KARATE KEN HAS KOME TO KEYSTONE!
SLICE
I MUST ARREST HIM BEFORE HE WRECKS THE TOWN!
CHOP!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, KEN! BETTER KOME KWIETLY!
YOU'RE IN FOR A SLICE OF BAD LUCK, CHIEFY! NOBODY THROWS KARATE KEN IN THE KLINK!
CHOP!
SWISH!
SWIPE!
POOR OLD CHIEFY'S IN TROUBLE! WHAT CAN WE DO?
I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN HELP HIM!
SNAP!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE FAMOUS KARATE KEN!
EH?
CHOP
MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF SHAKING YOUR HAND?
CERTAINLY!
FLATTERED!
AAAARGH!
MANGLE
SO...
CERTAINLY GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU FOR STOPPIN' THE CHOPPIN', BLACKSMITH! HAR! HAR!
THUD!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Keep kackling next week when Keystone Kate komes to town!

Tich and Quackers

IN THE WOODWORK CLASS...

LOOK AT THE TWO DRUM-STICKS I'VE MADE ON THE LATHE! AREN'T THEY GREAT!

MAYBE I'LL BE A DRUMMER WITH A FAMOUS GROUP ONE DAY!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

STOP THAT RACKET AT ONCE, BOY, AND COME HERE!

GULP!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE QUIET!

THWACK!

YEOWL!

POOR OLD TICH!

A LITTLE LATER...

BETTER PUT ALL THESE TOOLS AWAY!

CLATTER!

BAH! THAT NOISY NERK'S AT IT AGAIN!

OH NO!

TRIP!

YOU GET ANOTHER WHACKING FOR THIS, MY LAD!

THIS ISN'T FAIR!

START MAKING A RACKET, LADS! HE CAN'T WHACK US ALL!

EH?

CLANG!

TICH IS RIGHT! OLD THWACKERY WOULD WEAR HIS ARM OUT IF HE HAD TO CANE US ALL ONE AFTER THE OTHER! HAW! HAW!

STAMP!

CLATTER!

SO IT'S MUTINY, IS IT?

I'M NOT A WOODWORK TEACHER FOR NOTHING ... HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE MY CRAFT!

BASH!

CLATTER!

BANG!

NAILS

HEY! WHAT'S THWACKERY UP TO NOW?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

TICH SOON FIND'S OUT...

WITH MY SPECIALLY MADE CANE I WHACK ALL OF YOU AT THE SAME TIME... IT'S A *STROKE* OF BAD LUCK FOR YOU LOT, ISN'T IT? HA! HA!

T-H-W-A-C-K!

YOW!

EEK!

OUCH!

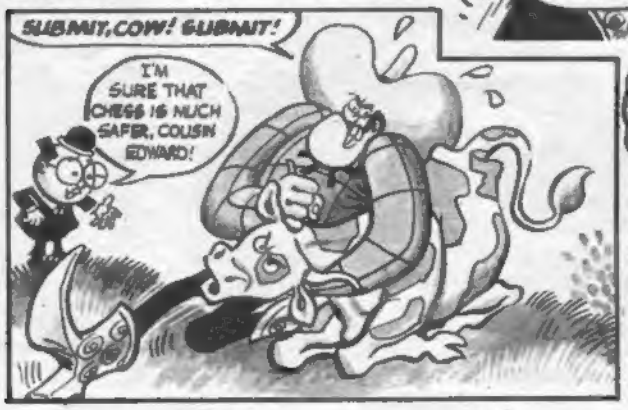
OW!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Big laughs with little Tich next week!

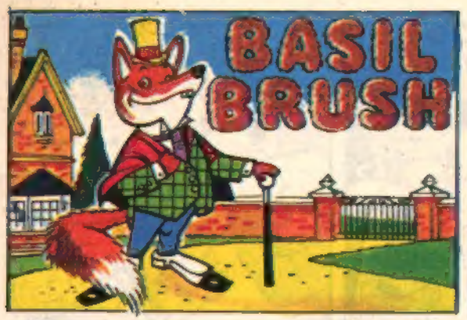
TEXAS TED

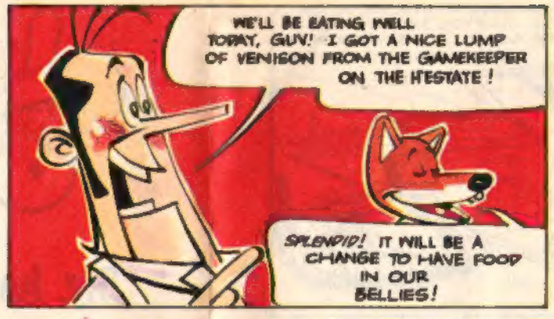
Big hat, big head



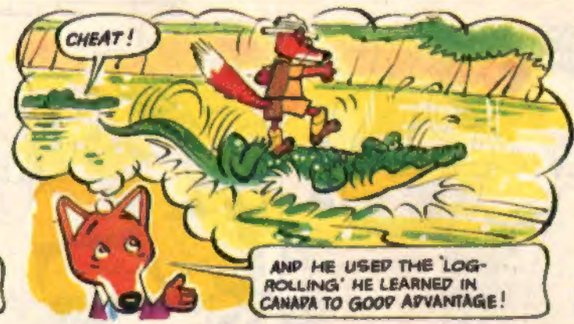
Texas-size titters with tremendous Ted next week!

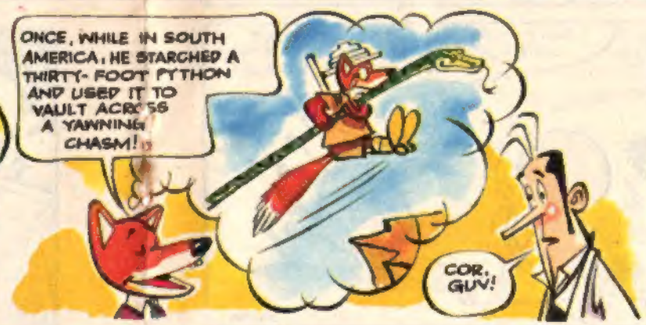
BASIL BRUSH



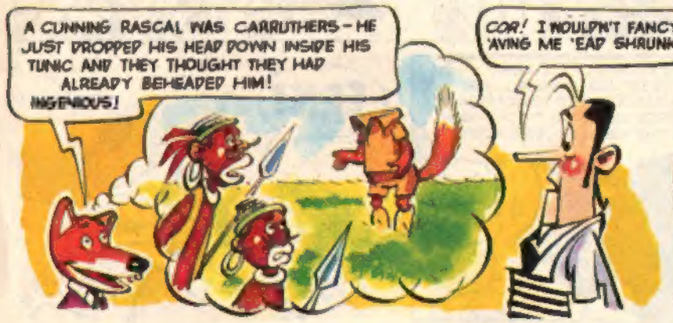

WE'LL BE EATING WELL TODAY, GUV! I GOT A NICE LUMP OF VENISON FROM THE GAMEKEEPER ON THE H'ESTATE!
SPLENDID! IT WILL BE A CHANGE TO HAVE FOOD IN OUR BELLIES!

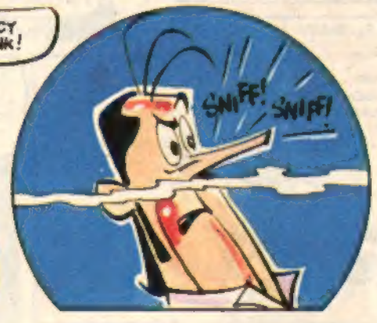
CARRUTHERS USED TO GO OUT AND SHOOT A COUPLE OF ELEPHANTS FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING!
PERSONALLY, I PREFERS A BOILED H'EGG, GUV!





HE DID HAVE RATHER A NASTY EXPERIENCE - HE WAS CAUGHT BY A TRIBE OF HEADSHRINKERS IN BORNEO!
LUVVUS! THAT MUST'VE BEEN TERRIBLE, GUV! I SUPPOSE 'E DIED THERE?


A CUNNING RASCAL WAS CARRUTHERS - HE JUST DROPPED HIS HEAD DOWN INSIDE HIS TUNIC AND THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD ALREADY BEHEADED HIM!
INGENIOUS!
COR! I WOULDN'T FANCY 'AVING ME 'EAD SHRUNK!



Another jolly old romp with Basil and Chummers next week!

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

RING tailed Lemurs are gay affectionate animals. They don't hesitate to romp all over you if you go into their enclosure.

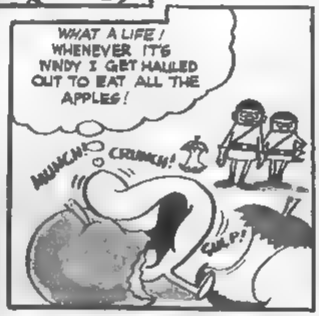
Next week more magic from the animal kingdom!

ASTRONUT

FAR ACROSS THE UNIVERSE LIES APPLELAND...
GEE, I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, ASTRO.... I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BEAUTIFUL FRUIT!
WONDERFUL PLACE, ISN'T IT, OSCAR?

LOOK AT THE CHAOS THAT'S BEING CAUSED.
DON'T WORRY! THE APPLELAND POLICE HAVE A SPECIAL CREATURE TO HELP THEM COPE WITH THE PROBLEM!
SAUBA

HERE IT COMES NOW.... IT'S CALLED THE MONSTER MOUTH! IT EATS ALL APPLES THAT ARE BLOCKING ROADS AND GENERALLY GETTING IN THE WAY!
WOW!



IT'S CRUEL THE WAY THEY MAKE THAT POOR MOUTH KEEP ON EATING! CAN'T WE DO ANYTHING?
I SUPPOSE WE COULD HELP IT ESCAPE FROM ITS MASTERS!

SO...
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE IT EASY ON EARTH AND I'LL RETURN YOU TO APPLELAND WHEN YOU FEEL FIT TO START MUNCHING AGAIN!
SUPER! I'LL ONLY NEED A SHORT REST UNTIL MY APPETITE RETURNS!

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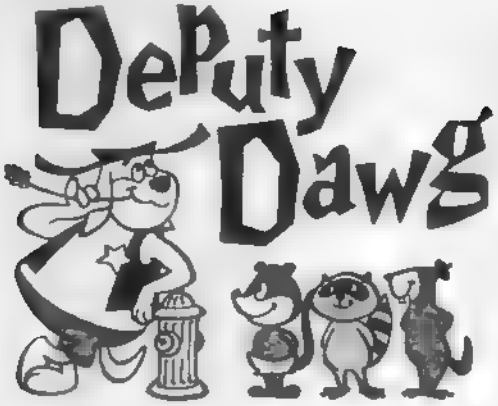
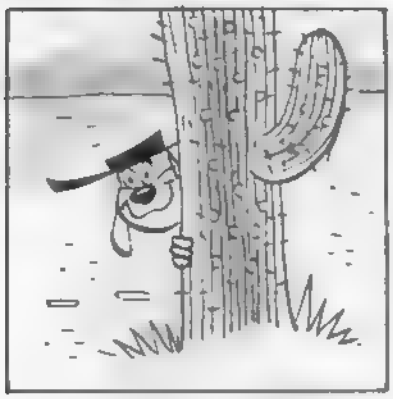
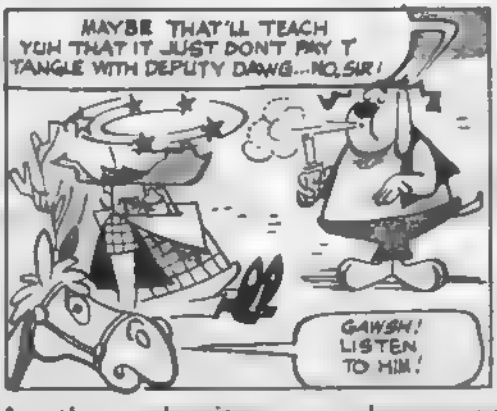
Watch this space for more space fun next week!

Deputy Dawg





DON'T KNOW WHY THAT DAWG DOESN'T GIVE UP..... HE COULDN'T HIT A BARN DOOR WITH A BANJO! SIGH!
AH'M A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', FANCY-SHOOTIN' LAWMAN! GRRR!
ZIP!



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Another calamitous cowboy caper with Deputy Dawg next week!

BEETLE BAILEY

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BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS..
BLOOMIN' NOOSANCE
NOBODY ABOUT? THAT'S GOOD! NOW I CAN F.IX UP MY SECRET BURGLAR ALARM A-FORE I LOCKS UP!
YOSOWITE SAM'S DYNAMITE SHED
THAT'S A FUNNY KIND OF NOISE COMING FROM SAM'S SHED. I WONDER WHAT THAT NUTTY OLD PIRATE IS UP TO?
JAB! JAB!
SCRAPE!
THUMP!
BUMP! BUMP!
HEY, SAM, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO IN THERE? YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE RACKET....
OH 'OH! EXCUSE ME, I'M OFF!
SCRAPE
BOOM!
TARNATION, RABBIT, WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO GO AND OPEN THAT THERE DOOR SUDDEN LIKE FUR?
?
YOU NEAR TO BLOWED ME HALF-WAY TO BITS!
SORRY, SAM! BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING ANYWAY?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I WAS A-DOING AND MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOCK A-FORE YOU BARGE'S IN ON PEOPLE!
I'M A-GONNA HAVE TO FIX IT ALL UP AGIN ANYWAYS SO YOU WATCH. FIRST, I STICKS SOME MATCHES TO THIS HERE DOOR....
THEN IF I OPENS THE DOOR SUDDEN LIKE - THE MATCHES SCRAPE ON THE SANDPAPER THAT I FIXED ON THAT THERE BLOCK O' WOOD!
FLAME
FLASH!
THIS SETS THE MATCHES A-BLAZING AND THEY THEN SETS LIGHT TO A FUSE ON A KEG O' GUNPOWDER. CLEVER IDEA EH?
YEH - BUT, WHERE'S THE KEG OF GUNPOWDER?
OH DURN IT - IT GOT BLOWED TO BITS, DIDN'T IT?... OKAY, I'LL GO AND GET ANOTHER ONE... HOLD ON!
OKAY, HERE IT IS ... SEE HOW THE MATCHES LIGHT THE FUSE?
ER - YEH! WELL, I'LL SEE YOU LATER SAM, I'VE GOT TO GO!
SAY, RABBIT, AIN'T YOU A-GONNA WAIT AND SEE HOW MY BURGLAR ALARM WORKS?
FIZZZ!
TNT
TNT
BOOM!
DURN HOGGLE IT, RABBIT, YOU'VE GONE AND MADE ME BLOW MYSELF NEAR TO BITS AGIN, SO YOU HAVE!

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Join Bugs and his pals again next week!

Pick of the Jokes

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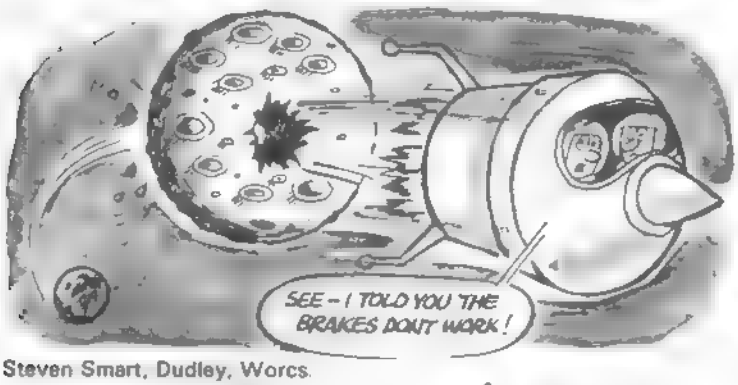

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Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

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DOCTOR WHO

A MASTER tractor mechanic has built an incredible armoured vehicle called the Multi-Mobile. As its name suggests, it is capable of one hundred and one amazing tasks. . . During a demonstration, it is dramatically stolen. . .

THEY WILL BE NO USE! I DOUBT IF AN ARMOURED CAR OR TANK HAS BEEN BUILT THAT CAN CHALLENGE MY MECHANICAL MONSTER!
WE HAVE TO TRY!

© BBC tv 1970

THE VILLAINOUS CREW OF THE MULTI-MOBILE REPLY IN THE SPLIT-SECOND IT TAKES TO FIRE A MISSILE...
BOOM!
I WARNED YOU WE WERE WASTING TIME, BRIGADIER!
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, DOCTOR?
AN AIRSTRIKE IS WORTH A TRY!
MAP
IT WILL HAVE TO BE TRIED SWIFTLY-ACCORDING TO MY MAP THE MULTI-MOBILE WILL BE NEARING A MAJOR TOWN WITHIN ABOUT AN HOUR... WE CAN'T RISK THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE STOLEN VEHICLE...
THE BRITISH NUCLEAR DEFENCE CONTROL CENTRE IS TWENTY MILES NORTH OF HERE...
WE WILL TRAVEL ALONG MAIN ROADS AND THROUGH TOWNS SO WE CANNOT BE ATTACKED FROM THE AIR!
... THEN WE SHALL DESTROY OUR TARGET AS ORDERED AND CRIPPLE THE COUNTRY'S DEFENCES!

Can nothing halt the incredible Multi-Mobile? See next week!

POPEYE
U BOAT I'LL BIFF
OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES!
OH, MY GORSH! A TORPEDO!... AND IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FER ME BOAT!
KERBOOM!
NO HARD FEELINGS, POPEYE! YOU CAN CRUISE ABOARD MY SUBMARINE IN LUXURY! HAW! HAW!
ERK!
SO..
HERE'S YOUR BERTH, POPEYE! I THINK YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE!
HMM!
BIT CRAMPED, ISN'T IT?
NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM! HAW! HAW!
TORPEDO TUBE Nº 1
SLAM!
FIRE NUMBER ONE TORPEDO! HAW! HAW!
BAH! I'LL FIX THAT NO-GOOD SWAB FER THIS!
ZOOM!
SO
STAND BY FER THE FIRST HUMAN TORPEDO TO HIT ITS TARGET!
BANG!
OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES! ARF! ARF!

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RECEPTACLE

Next week Popeye makes a monkey out of a gorilla!

DOCTOR WHO